

of the brothel and utter the sentiments of the stern moralist. He passes from the *rôle* of Sensuality and Wantonness to that of Good Counsel, Chastity, and Verity, with the abruptness of the magician. The foulest jests, the crassest expressions alternate with the judgments of God on the wicked, the most elevated maxims of virtue and justice. In both respects he is Burns' compeer. In raciness of style and stern humour he might, in addition, take a place beside John Knox. The interlude of the tailor and the soutar, for instance, might almost stand for the model of Tam o' Shanter. Nor would it be a stretch of imagination to call him, like the bard of Ayr, knight though he be, the poet of democracy. At all events he is the out-and-out champion of John the Commonweal. He writes indeed for all classes, but his deepest sympathies are with the people, and his homely rhymes are directed to and meant to be understood and appreciated by the people as well as by the powers that be in Church and State. The popular note breaks through again and again, and his poetry evidently comes in this respect straight from his heart. In his "Exhortation to the Kyngis Grace," for instance, one of his earliest pieces, he reminds James V. that it is for the people that he wears a crown :—

" And of thy peple have compassioun,
Sen thou be God art so preordinate ;
Do equale justice boith to grete and small,
And be exampyll to thy peple all."

Again, in the ^{te} Testament and Cornplaynt of the Papingo^d (1530) he exhorts him to choose his councillors, without respect to blood, riches, or favour. Let him be guided by the fittest to rule for the general good. What the country wants, he warns in the "Dreme," another of his earliest pieces (1528), and a withering exposure of the misgovernment of Angus, the evil genius of the land from 1524 to 1528, is "justice, polycie, and peace." For this lack, the king and his councillors are in the first place responsible. " Quharein lies our unprosperitie ? " asks the poet of Dame Remembrance.

" Quod scho, I fynd the fait in to the held,
For thay in quhome dois ly our hale relief,
I fynd thame rute and grund of all our grief :
For quhen the heidis are nocht delygent
The membris man in neid be neglegent."